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Book and Job Printing Executed with neatness and despatch.

POETRY.

From the Wilkes Barre Advocate, THE FOREST.

Temple of Nature and of God!
Beneath whose arch and emerald dome,
The first born of creation trod,
And found an altar-place and home;
And when the world's first summer came,
And spread with flowers thy lofty halls,
She gave a grandeur to thy name,
And hung sweet trophies on thy walls,
And crowned thy leafy towers with fragrant coronals.

What to the mariner's wild view,
Is dearer than the forest shore,
Watched in the dim and hazy blue,
The vasty ocean beating o'er?
It is—the life and native land,
And feeling makes the man a child;
And with his foot upon the strand,
He breathes the wood-land zephyrs mild,
And with a soul of freedom, threads the pathless wild.

And thou wert mighty in our path,
And at our homes in ages gone;
The catenat thunderbolt in its wrath,
And thou didst stand, a listener lone!
Unless the red man on some rock,
Had paused, or wild beast stopped for drink,
Who heard unmoored the thunder shock,
And fled unheeded from the brink,
Beyond the distant hills where its last echoes sink.
Adventure marched across the wave,
And soon thy fond retreats had faded;
And now, our noble rivers lave
On shores of flowers and fields unshaded;
But yet upon the mountain tops,
Unconquered thou dost nobly stand,
And there earth's annual verdure drops,
In autumn, from thy bounteous hand,
And thou art still the pride, the beauty of our land.

And thou art on the white, bleak hills,
Decked in the purest robes of snow,
Where the long winter chains the rills,
Whose fountains would forever flow;
And on their solitary heights,
Which breathe o'er the northern deep,
As beaming in the twilight lights,
That o'er the brilliant heavens leap,
Where old Arcturus doth his lonely vigil keep.

Fair are thy groves, where soft and calm,
The southern breezes gently come,
Where the rich citron, and broad palm
Are fragrant with perennial bloom;
Luxuriant fruits are on their stems,
Unblighted by the mountain gale;
Each eye bestows its dewy gems,
On every leaf in every vale,
Bright as each beam of morn that smiles o'er hill and dale.

Thou hast brought treasures from the age,
Which now is numbered with the past—
It is a dark and ancient page,
Of olden time, but deeper cast,
The oak that from the fallen shrine
Sprang forth mid lone and ivied walls,
Stands the everlasting pine,
Above the relics of old halls,
Where time his childhood spent and midnight echo calls.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

The Wife of Three Husbands.

A Tale of Real Life.

BY MRS. M. H. CUMMINGS.

CONCLUDED.

Years glided by, and Arthur Bartlett was no longer an only child. A rosy-cheeked little brother was led carefully by the hand in all his rambles, and Mrs. Warner's heart thrilled as she saw them both hang over the cradle of their infant sister. Her eye sparkled with pleasure, when she saw her husband endeavoring to win a smile from the babe in her arms, while her darling boys hung around his chair with questions and caresses. Let not our reader think from this, that her thoughts never reverted to the past. None knew, but herself, how often she heard the old clock tell the midnight hour.

Perhaps none noticed the sigh with which she often looked upon Arthur's smiling face, or smoothed the bright locks over his forehead. Nevertheless, she deemed her lot a happy one. If a doubt of her husband's strictly honorable principles ever crossed her mind, she immediately dismissed it. To her he was all a companion could be, ever ready to gratify her slightest wish. Besides, he had accompanied her to the graves of both her parents, and soothed her affliction by his constant sympathy and tenderness. Would that her happiness had been destined to continue! But it was now about to be wrecked for ever. The storm gathered in her sunny sky, before she observed even a passing cloud. Col. Warner's supposed wealth suddenly fled. Creditor after creditor seized his effects, till every thing was gone. His reputation too was blasted. It became evident that he was never in reality the honest owner of a dollar. A secret course of fraud and iniquity had long been successful, but it was strangely and suddenly unveiled. Public confidence was outraged; the feelings of his credit-

ors were exasperated; and the husband and father was consigned to a prison.

Shall we attempt to describe the agony of Mrs. Warner? Shall we waste words in an endeavor which would be wholly unavailing? Friendship and kindness were not wanting to reconcile her to life, but her colourless lip and wandering eye told a tale which the pen would not dare attempt. Two or three months after this, a brother of Mrs. W. in a distant State received from another brother a hasty letter. We will not transcribe the whole, but the following is extracted from it:

"You have, doubtless, heard the particulars concerning Warner's affairs, and know that he is sentenced to the State Prison. It is too good a place for him. The villain! It makes my blood boil when I think how he has imposed on our good sister. I happened, accidentally, in C—, on the day that he was carried to his living tomb. I met the carriage, but had no suspicion who was within it. A crowd had collected, and as I passed through, my eye fell at once on our poor Louisa. Oh, my brother, could you have seen her as I did, her babe in her arms, her head uncovered, and apparently unconscious of every thing. I took her by the arm, and ushered her into the nearest door. She appeared to know me, and offered no resistance. To-morrow I shall accompany her to H—. I wish she did not love the villain. Oh, I rejoice to think that our dear old father and blessed mother have not lived to see this day."

We must now pass over a period of nearly four years. We may find Louisa Warner in the same village where she resided previously to her second marriage. She is again a widow. Her husband, like Saul, could not live after he was fallen. In a humble, though not comfortable cottage, she is plying her needle with an industry that seldom tires. By the kindness of numerous friends, and the most careful economy in her own management, she is enabled to support herself and children. Notwithstanding her life has been so eventful, she retains much of her former beauty. Her face, though less blooming, is scarcely less lovely at the age of twenty-eight, than when she left her early home. The light of her eyes is softened—the rose on her cheek is faded—but a new principle in her heart has imparted new interest to her countenance. No one could look upon her without feeling that the light of Christian hope was beaming on her pathway. Perhaps we could not describe her feelings so vividly as she described them herself, in a conversation with a neighbor. They were sitting on the steps of her cottage door, enjoying the placid serenity of a summer evening, and conversing about the approaching death of a husband in the vicinity.

"I feel deeply for Mrs. Wayland," said Louisa, "and I know how to feel for her. She will be alone in the world, but she will have something to console her in her bereavement, that I had not when I buried my first husband. I never looked to my Creator for consolation or support."

"Then how could you bear it with all its afflictive circumstances?"
"I was young, and my first feelings were too violent to last. As my strength increased, the bitterness of grief passed away. I gave to my child the love I had once given to my father. As his faculties expanded, and I traced in my boy his father's peculiar features of mind as well as face, I felt that I could do or bear anything to make him happy. My heart rejoiced in my treasure, and I scarcely realized that I ever knew better days. But my last agonising bereavement seemed to paralyze every feeling. For weeks and months I was not wholly myself. Every sense was lost in the single one of suffering. My heart was in the cell where my husband was wearing away his hours, and I scarcely thought of the children he had with so much emphasis confided to my care. You remember when I heard the tidings of his death. I awakened then from the lethargy which had crept over every faculty. I felt again that I had duties to perform, and my affection for my children revived. But it was long ere my spirit was subdued to reconciliation. When I reflected on God's dealings with me and mine, I was lost in darkness and perplexity. My friends constantly urged me to study the Scriptures, and I trust that I have learned from them the way of salvation. I can now look on my past afflictions as blessings, for I believe they were designed for my good. If I had always lived in affluence and prosperity, I should, probably, have trained up my children for this world alone. Now, when I look on them and realize their fatherless condition, I feel anxious to bespeak for them the blessing and guidance of their father in Heaven. My dear little Fanny! if she should ever tread in her mother's path of sorrow, she will require a support that I was ignorant of in my younger days."

Mrs. Warner's cottage was the place for morning and evening prayer. As she listened to the voices of her children, when they read to her from the sacred volume, she acquired new strength and confidence to lead them to the altar of her God. Every Sabbath saw her with her children in the sanctuary. The devotions of many a heart were quickened by the sight of the widow and the fatherless, so evidently provided for and comforted according to the promise.
"Arthur," said Mrs. Warner one evening to her son, as he was gathering up his books to retire, "you know I received a letter this morning from your uncle Aaron. You have never asked to see it, or hear its contents."

"No, mother, for I observed you shed tears while you were reading it. I was afraid of some new trouble. I thought you would tell me if you wished me to know. Has any misfortune befallen your uncle Aaron?"
"No, my son, and the letter is very kind and affectionate; nevertheless, the thoughts of its contents has sometimes caused my sewing to drop from my hands. You may read the letter yourself, Arthur," said she, as she took it from the drawer of the stand beside her, and resumed her needle with apparent composure.

Many minutes were passed in silence, while the bright tears fell thick and fast on the glowing cheek of the boy. It was evident that some long cherished wish was about to be disappointed, but he raised his head with a look of resolution.

"Mother, is it your desire that I should work in uncle Aaron's printing office? If it is, I will do it, for I suppose you have kept me at school already longer than you can well afford. I ought not to live upon your labors any longer, mother, for I am now twelve years old, and I must work to help you maintain Lyman and Fanny. But I have been secretly planning a long time to get money enough to go to the Academy with Grafton Shirley, and I cannot help crying to think that I am too poor. But I can be learning something, I suppose, if I go to live with uncle. I shall not have to set type in the evening, and I can study Latin then, the same as I do at home. Besides," continued he, and his countenance brightened at the thought, "uncle says he will allow me fifty dollars a year for clothing, and I shall not need it all, I can save a little, mother, to send home to you."

Mrs. Warner's voice was scarcely audible, as she replied:

"You have always been a good boy, Arthur, and your industry has already been a great assistance to me. I felt, when I read that letter, that I never could part with you, but I must consult your wishes and welfare more than my own happiness. Notwithstanding I have found it so difficult to keep my family together, I have always dreaded the time when they must be scattered. It has ever been the darling wish of my heart, that you should be well educated, and study your father's profession—but I have not the means of supporting you at school. You are now far in advance of most boys of your age, and if you continue to improve your time as you have done, I trust you will have no reason, when you become a man, to be ashamed of your ignorance. You can work in your uncle's office two or three years, and perhaps Providence may then provide some way for you to consult your own inclination with regard to study. We will dismiss the subject now, Arthur, and in the course of a few days you may write your own answer to your uncle."

A few days materially altered the face of things. The morning after the above conversation, Arthur ran into "Squire Shirley's," to tell his friend Grafton about their approaching separation. The father listened to the conversation of the two boys; heard their mutual expressions of sorrow, but said nothing. He walked backward and forward across the room; occasionally glancing at both, and apparently lost in thought. Before evening he had made a formal proposal to Mrs. Warner to unite her destiny with his, and bring her children under the shelter of his roof. Nothing could have been more unexpected. She had known and esteemed him many years, but nothing in his friendly conversation and quiet manner, ever led her to think upon the subject of a connection with him.

Even gossip had been silent for once. He had been so long devoted to the memory of his early companion, that no one suspected him of an inclination to contract a second marriage. His many acts of unstudied kindness to the widow and her children, were imputed to the benevolence for which he had ever been remarkable. Had there been listeners; however, when he proffered his hand to Mrs. Warner, they would have hardly been led to the conclusion, that the warmth with which he urged this request was the effect of benevolence alone. Be that as it might, the matter was for some time undecided. Her heart, as she thought, had been rendered callous by suffering, and she was unwilling to impose the burden of her young family upon a man whom she really respected, when her own affections had been so hopelessly blighted. But the Squire's importunity and her anxiety for the welfare of her children, at length prevailed. The widow's little cottage was deserted, and she again occupied the station for which nature and education had designed her. Arthur's inclinations were now gratified. He was permitted to accompany Grafton Shirley, his father's only child, to the place which they both considered the favorite bower of science. The little Warners were so delighted with the idea of having a father, that they used the endearing appellation fifty times a day. Nor was the man displeased with this. A smile of quiet happiness brightened the habitual reserve of his demeanor, as the light-hearted children played and frolicked around him. Little Fanny was his pet, for he had never had a daughter, and the confiding affection of the little girl excited new feelings in his bosom. Mrs. Shirley, as we must now call her, again performed the various duties of a wife and her kindness and address smoothed the rough places which are ever to be found in human life. Her heart expanded with gratitude to Him who had so graciously sustained her through the uncommon trials of her lot, and who had at last provided her with a comfortable home and a watchful protector. But it would seem that her ministry on earth was ended when she had secured a father and guardian for her helpless family. Squire Shirley soon perceived in his wife symptoms of premature decay. Her eye shone with unusual brightness, and her pale cheek, at times was crimsoned by the hectic flush. Every art was tried to arrest the rapid progress of the insidious destroyer, but the blue veins in her forehead grew more visible day by day. She said little from fear of afflicting her affectionate husband,

but it was evident that she was expecting a summons from above. Her increasing tenderness of manner towards her family told more plainly than words, that she contemplated an approaching separation. No one suspected, however, that death was so soon to seize upon his victim.

Arthur and Grafton were soon expected from school; and she did not think it necessary to hasten her return. But a sudden change came over her. Her mind, evidently, wandered, and she spoke frequently of going home. At times she talked of Dr. Bartlett, and seemed to think herself confined and unable to reach his dying bed; and again she would relapse into a stupor of forgetfulness. She awoke one lovely morning with some apparent meaning and intelligence, in her eye, and requested Arthur's last letter. It was given her, and she turned it over unopened in her hand, and at last laid it on her bosom. Her husband was anxiously watching by her pillow, with little Fanny on his knees. She asked for Lyman, and he came to her side, with his bright face suffused with tears of childhood. She looked at one, then at another, and at last gave her wasted hand to her trembling husband.
"Nana I must go home," she said, and sank back upon her pillow with a smile. Her breath grew shorter and shorter, and in something less than an hour the spirit of Louisa Shirley had gone to the God she worshipped; to the Saviour she adored. We do not deem it necessary to continue our narrative. Let it suffice to say that the orphan children found a home with their adopted father. Fanny Warner, ever after the death of her mother, bore the name of Fanny Shirley. Those people who say, with so much confidence, that a man never really loves his second wife, should have seen Squire Shirley, some years after the events above related, weeping over the picture of his buried Louisa; a picture which he discovered in the house of her brother in one of the remotest States of the Union.

END OF THE WORLD.

Professor Stuart of Andover, has lately written a volume relating to the Prophecies, in which the following excellent comments may be found:
"Plain as all this seems to my mind; yet I see many, and some very sensible persons too, greatly agitated about the end of the world, which as many prefer at the present day, is to come in 1843. I do not say, that it would be well for the public to call to mind the many predictions of the like nature which were maintained with as much learning, and as much confidence too, as present theories are. Specially would they do well to call to mind the notable case John Albert Bengel, one of the best Greek scholars and sacred expositors of the last age, and the editor of the famous critical edition of the New Testament which bears his name. His piety and talents are beyond fair question, and sobriety, on all other subjects except the Apocalypse, was a prominent trait of his character. He spent the flower of his life in pursuit of the secret meanings of the Revelation. He came to a full persuasion, at last, that he had discovered them. He announced them to the world; and in so doing," he says, with much modesty, that the only reason he has to doubt the disclosure of these secrets is that it was made to so unworthy a person as himself. Yet, in the full confidence that the occult matters of the Apocalypse had actually been revealed to him by the Holy Spirit, he published his book. Most devoutly does he thank God for the wonderful disclosures which it is designed to make. The grand period, as to all the leading parts of the great drama, according to his book was to be consummated in A. D. 1836. If the face of the world should not be entirely changed at that period, then he says, the church must believe that he has been mistaken. But that the change would take place, he entertained not a shadow of doubt.

So far, this great and good man. And we have lived to see 1836, and the world is still moving round the sun, and its busy inhabitants going on much as in days of yore. We never once thought, at that period, of the Bengelian revelations; and cannot now discover the record of them on the page of history.

Many a confident prediction, uttered by either romancers in prophecy, has met with the same fate, and been wrecked on the rocks whether the mighty stream of time hath borne them. Such is doubtless the destiny of many others also; and yet, all this does not seem to diminish the confidence of those who write theological romances like so. If there must needs be enthusiasts and visionaries, (and so it would seem) why may not this department of exegetical theology exhibit its due proportion?

Once for all, however, we may beseech such interpreters to listen to a word of caution. I will not reproach them with the presumption of understanding to expound a book, which, of all others in the Bible, demands the deepest knowledge of the original Scriptures, and of the prophetic idiom, when they have not well studied either. But may I not ask, how it came about, that when Jerusalem was to be destroyed, the exact time was so carefully kept back, until the very eve of its accomplishment, from the disciples of Christ? Mark tells us (xiii. 3), that the three favorite disciples went to him and asked him the question respecting the time of its desolation. He tells us, also, that Jesus declared, "this time (v. 32) to be unknown not only to men, but to the angels in heaven, yea to the Son himself." It was only after the Roman army was in Palestine and had begun their task, that the time was declared to John, Rev. xi. 2.

But we may appeal to a passage still more applicable to the present case, and which comprises more within its grasp. "The anxious disciples asked of the risen Saviour, when he would restore the Kingdom of Israel? It matters not what

particular thing they had in mind; i. e. whether it was purely the spiritual kingdom of Christ, of the ecclesiastical-political kingdom which they had once been expecting. The answer is one which should be engraven on a frontispiece and put upon the study door of every writer on the prophecies, who indulges the expectation of being able to point out the day, and the hour of fulfillment. It was this: *This is not for you to know (the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own Power. Acts, i. 6, 7).*

It now it was not for even apostles to know these secrets, is it for every curious and speculating mind, that knows little indeed either of history or exegetical science, to tell us all about such matters? Is it not presumption to engage in such an understanding?

God has undoubtedly determined upon the times and seasons, when all events that respect his church will take place. But it does not follow that he has revealed this matter to us. We are satisfied he has not. Why not leave to him the secret things which he claims as his own prerogative? Why assume to ourselves a position which he does not allow us to assume?
But, alas! all the disappointments of writers teeming with fancy and filled with confidence, in days that are past, seem to have made no serious impression on the like class of writers at the present period. As soon as ruthless time, mows down one, another of flowers with the scythe, another is planted on its ruins, with the hope of having a more permanent crop. And so it will be. When 1843 passes away, and the world still moves on, without being jostled from its orbit, the Pope still issues his decrees from the Vatican; the Sultan still laughingly points to the peering minarets and the banners of Islam; and faithful and humble Christians are still laboring and suffering as before; then, some more fortunate adventurer, will perhaps discover latent error in former calculations, (as recently has been the case in relation to those of Bengel), and we shall then have a new period fixed upon the consummating period of all. But this will in all probability be far enough in advance to be out of the reach of the generation who are addressed, and therefore beyond their power of absolute denial or of decisive correction. When this is once done, with some good degree of propriety, then a new tune will be played upon the old instruments, and it will be listened to, and applauded because it is new. Thus we go on, amusing ourselves from one decennium to another, ever pursuing in fact the same phantoms, although we give chase to them in different directions. When such chases will be over, it would be as difficult to say, as to fix upon the specific period of the Millennium.

Jon Dods, of the *Stromer Day*.—"It was a half drizzling, half stormy day, in the month of November—just such a day as puts nervous people in bad humor with themselves and every body else. Job Dodge was brooding over the fire immediately after breakfast. His wife said to him—

"Mr. Dodge, can't you mend that front door latch to-day?"
"No," was the answer.

"Well, can't you mend the handle of the water-pail?"
"No," was the answer.

"Well, can't you fix a handle to the mop?"
"No," was the answer.

"Well, can't you put up some pins for the clothes in your chamber?"
"No," was the answer.

"Well, can't you fix that north window, so that the rain and snow won't drive in?"
"No, no, no," answered the husband sharply.

He then took his hat, and was on the point of leaving his house, when his wife, knowing that he was going to the tavern, where he could meet some of his wet-dry companions, asked him kindly to stop a moment. She then got her bonnet and cloak, and said to her husband—

"You're going to the tavern: with your leave I will go with you."

The husband stared.

"Yes," said the wife, "I may as well go with you. If you go and waste the day at the tavern why shall I not do the same?"

John felt the reproach. He shut the door—hung up his hat—got the hammer and nails—did all his wife had requested—and sat down by the fire that night, a better and happier man.

A New Striver.—"What sort of a titbit do you call that?" said a peevish milliner, giving her new pupil several furious raps for her awkwardness.

The poor girl whimpered, and said she believed it must be a *whip-satch*!

Popular Errors.—To think that an editor, because he is an editor, is everybody's body. To think that printers' bills ought to be paid, if paid at all, in the meanest currency, because they are printers' bills. To think that an editor's exchange papers, are everybody's papers, because they are an editor's papers.

Early Marrying.—After noticing the marriage in New Orleans of a young man, aged 70 years, to a mademoiselle aged only 84 years, the *Planters' Gazette* remarks:—

"We are not an advocate of early marriages, and feel indignant towards the parents of those children for permitting them to go on so!"

Swinging Comfortably.—People's ideas of comfort vary. A celebrated linguist in England, showing the gallows attached to Newgate, observed to the bystanders that he had hung twenty persons on at one time! "Some one suggested that it was too small," said the linguist, "twenty-five people could swing on that gallows comfortably!"

CONGRESS.

Tuesday, Dec. 13.

The Hon. J. C. Spencer—and his letter.

In House.

Mr. Botts rose to a question of privilege. He said that he held in his hand a copy of the Albany Argus of the 25th of October last, which contained a letter written and signed by the Hon. J. C. Spencer, an officer of another branch of the Government, and Secretary of War. This letter, it was obvious, was written for the purpose of furnishing a general defence of the administration, and particularly to justify the Somerset which he had recently turned, and which brought him into enviable distinction with any harlequin upon the public stage.

Mr. Wise would inquire whether his colleague rose to a privileged question?

Mr. Botts replied that he did.

Mr. Wise requested that it be stated.

The Speaker also made a similar suggestion. Mr. Wise said that he should like to be heard on this subject.

Mr. Botts repeated what he had already said; and he was about to proceed with his remarks, when

Mr. Cushing called the gentleman to order, and

The Speaker asked the gentleman from Virginia, (Mr. Botts,) to state his proposition.

Mr. Wise remarked that if his colleague's object was to comment on the letter, he was certainly not in order.

Mr. Botts observed that the letter, too, was written for the purpose of operating on the elections in New York. He found in it two paragraphs—

Mr. Wise remarked that he would not now rise to a question of order, if he thought that there was anything like equality in the course of proceedings, and that a defence, as well as an attack would be alike entertained. His point was, that his colleague was about to comment on the letter, which was not connected with the business of the House, but was merely a letter addressed to the public at large.

Mr. Botts advised his colleague to have a little patience. There was a paragraph in the letter which related to this body, and which contained a foul calumny on it; and he, as a member of the House, intended to prove the fact.

Mr. Wise inquired whether he understood the Speaker to entertain the proposition of his colleague as a question of privilege?

The Speaker replied that he had not yet heard it stated.

Mr. Botts then read from the letter of the Secretary, that part which states that, previously to returning the second Bank bill to Congress, for the purpose of removing all cause of objection to the withholding his signature, the President submitted to his Cabinet that he would announce, in his veto message, his resolution to retire from public life at the expiration of his present term, and that the Cabinet protested against it. This paragraph, Mr. Botts said he would leave to the members of the late Cabinet to answer for themselves; one of them (Mr. Granger) was now a member of the House. He also read the second paragraph; and it refers to the statement that a majority of the Whig members of Congress would consent to a postponement of the Bank question until the ensuing session of Congress, if they could rest assured that no hostile movement would be made on the part of the President to disturb the Cabinet in the possession of their stations.

Mr. Wise renewed his question of order. The paragraphs read by his colleague did not involve any question before the House; and he submitted that point to the decision of the Chair.

The Speaker suggested to the gentleman from Virginia, (Mr. Botts,) that unless he proposed something definite, which could be submitted to the House, the Chair would not entertain the proposition, as it now stood, as a privileged question.

Mr. Botts said that it was his intention to submit a proposition as a privileged question.

And he sat down to write; when

Mr. J. R. Ingersoll submitted a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the propriety of authorizing the Clerk of the House to purchase, for the use of the members, a limited number of copies of the new edition of Gordon's Digest of the laws of the United States, and also the revenue laws.

Mr. Botts then submitted a resolution, that a Committee be appointed to inquire into the truth of the charge, in the letter of the Secretary of War, so far as it relates to the Whig Members of Congress.

Mr. Wise renewed his point of order.

A spirited conversation took place between Messrs. Botts and Wise, upon the subject—the former contending that the question which he had presented was one of privilege, and the latter insisting upon a contrary opinion.

Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, moved to lay the whole subject on the table; but he waived his motion at the request of

Mr. Granger, who desired to say a few words upon the subject alluded to by the gentleman from Virginia, (Mr. Botts.)

The Speaker said that the gentleman from New York could proceed by general consent.

[Cries of "hear him!" "hear him!"]

Mr. Wise said that he would have no objection to the gentleman proceeding, provided an opportunity should be offered to reply. He was not only willing, but ready for discussion.

Mr. Granger inquired whether he understood that objection was made?

Some gentleman here objected; and

Mr. Johnson withdrew his motion.

The Speaker repeated that the gentleman from New York could proceed only by general consent.

Mr. Wise remarked, With the understanding that others may be allowed to reply.

[Cries of "No!" "No!"]

Mr. Granger said that, considering the position in which the gentleman from Virginia, (Mr. Wise) stood towards the Executive, he would take his seat under the circumstances.

Mr. Wise replied that the gentleman would have an opportunity to speak on the subject. For his (Mr. Wise's) own part, he courted it.

A motion was made to lay the whole subject upon the table.

And the yeas and nays having been taken, the question was decided in the negative—yeas 86, nays 99.

So the subject was not laid upon the table.

Mr. Botts said that he wished to modify his resolution, by striking out "members of the Whig party," and inserting "members of Congress," so as to make the inquiry proposed by his proposition relate to them.

[A voice: "The Whig members are already stricken out."]

The Speaker stated the question, will the House receive the resolution as a privileged question? when

Mr. Wise called for the yeas and nays, which were ordered; and, being taken, resulted—yeas 85, nays 106.

So the House refused to receive the resolution as a privileged question.

Mr. Botts was understood to say that the charge of the Secretary of War stood as it was in the letter; and that it should be investigated.

Mr. Underwood moved a suspension of the rules for the purpose of introducing the resolution of the gentleman from Virginia, (Mr. Botts,) which the House, a few minutes ago, refused to entertain as a privileged question.

Mr. Fillmore appealed to the gentleman from Kentucky to withdraw his motion, that the documents from the Departments, and on the table, might be laid before the House and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Underwood said that he did not desire to make any remarks.

Mr. Cushing called for the yeas and nays, which were ordered; and the House refused to suspend the rules by a vote of 109 to 78—not two thirds.

The Speaker laid before the House several communications from the War, Navy, and Treasury Departments.

And the House adjourned.

[When this announcement was made, some gentleman observed that it was the most sensible proceeding of the day.]

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, DECEMBER 27, 1842.

SPENCER'S LETTER—BOTT'S AND WISE.

It will be seen by referring to the Congressional proceedings, that Botts is making an effort to procure some action of the House in regard to a certain paragraph in Spencer's Letter.

Some time last summer, Mr. Spencer, Secretary of War, wrote a letter to an individual in New York, which had for its object the vindication of Mr. Tyler's Administration. In speaking of the conduct of the Harrison Cabinet, he says—

"The full meaning of this statement has now been developed by the declaration of a Member of Congress that a Message was carried from the Whig leaders in Congress to the President, to the effect, that, if he would engage not to disturb any members of his Cabinet in the enjoyment of their offices, the second Bank Bill should be postponed."

Mr. Botts pretends to think that the great Whig party is injured by this statement, which, if true, or not true, is of but little importance, and wishes the House to make a privileged question of it, so that its consideration might take precedence of all other business. Mr. Wise opposed the introduction of such a question from such a cause, and the Resolution of Mr. Botts to make it a privileged question was negatived by 106 to 85.

While the great questions of Tariff and the Currency are still in an unsettled state, or at least, not properly settled, such men as Botts & Co. are making efforts to direct Legislative action from its legitimate course by such trivial affairs as the above. Whether this Congress wished to make itself the most disreputable body, the weakest Legislative Assembly, that ever met on this continent, is not known; but that it is a fact beyond all contradiction.

If these men wish to do some good during this Short Session, why not engage on the important work before them? Why not mature some plan to safely-keep and disburse the public Revenue—to regulate the Currency and Exchanges of the country? Why not modify the present iniquitous Tariff and make it conform to the most enlightened views of Political Economy in this and foreign countries? These things demand the attention of this Congress. They call aloud for action.

It is a fact that our currency needs regulating. It is a fact, which every business man both in town and city, feels to be necessary. We all know, and some, by bitter experience, have felt and continue to feel, the want of some system in this matter. What prospect have we of better times? Is it this year—is it next, that shall find us enjoying the promises of '43? We know not when. We only know that the best financiers in the country tell us there is no prospect of present improvement. The glorious uncertainty of an indefinite future still shrouds our prospect and our hopes in darkness.

This Whig Administration repealed the only measure, the Independent Treasury, which had any tendency to regulate the general currency of the Nation. This, if it had been suffered to live, would have regulated exchanges, afforded a safe currency, and kept alive credit and confidence. But this has been killed by that hydra-headed party whose only virtue consists in an abhorrence of everything wise or good.

We cannot expect any thing from this Congress. We mean any thing that shall help or restore the country to its former prosperity. That we shall have something, we cannot for a moment doubt; and that something will consist in efforts to head Capt. Tyler, and in wrangles for the next Presidency. These efforts and wrangles have already begun.

The solemn rebuke of the sovereign people manifested through the ballot-boxes last autumn, has not in the least served to check the reckless spirits who came into power in that fell hurricane which swept Democracy from the land. One brief period is still spared them to play their desperate game of political licentiousness. We cannot expect that our prayer to be delivered from the present Congress will be heard and answered. But we do hope, that if the Guiding Spirit which accompanied and encouraged our fathers has not forsaken us, we may not be cured by such a one in future.

We have entertained a brief hope since Fall that this Congress would forget its old path, and redeem the time which was spent and lost during the last Session. We did think that a long course of neglect and profligacy might have a turn, and that something good might yet come out of Nazareth. But we are disappointed. We abandon the idea, and consider that no change is to be anticipated. The road of Federalism is so broad that it does not admit of a turn more than a zone around the Earth.

MILTON J. ALEXANDER.

This young man killed an individual by the name of Lougee, in Philadelphia, not long since, and recently had his trial. It was predicted by the American that he would be acquitted on the ground of insanity, or of murder in the third degree, *man-slaughter*. This prediction was ventured because \$50,000 were raised for his acquittal. All the Jury "but one" were for finding him "not guilty." That one stood it out that he was guilty of murder. They finally split the difference and called it *man-slaughter*.

The Press of late, we know not with how much reason, censures the Courts of Justice, and Jurors, in many criminal cases. Much is said about wealthy individuals escaping justice, and especially the penalties of the law; and that poor ones suffer invariably, and that, too, because they are poor. Has it come to this that wealth is innocence, and the want of it guilt? If so, we are rapidly approaching the times in which the illustrious Socrates lived. He could have saved himself from the poisonous cup if he would have given his Judges Gold; but he chose that justice should have its course. If he was guilty of death, he refused not to die, if innocent, he would not pay the price of guilt.

We feel great confidence in our Judges, our Lawyers, and Jurors. We have supposed they were worthy of it. We know of nothing that would indicate degeneracy of morals or corruption of the times so much as when Justice and Innocence are purchased with Gold. Colt, Webb and Alexander were all violators of the law. Every attempt was made, by the friends of Colt, to save his life by corrupting the civil Officers; and finally when the penalty of the law could not be escaped, he committed suicide. The two later escaped without their deserts. Consequently the Press has some reason to complain.

HON. ANOS KENDALL.

We have not room to publish this gentleman's article giving an historical account of his law-suit with Stockton & Stokes, and his present cruel condition caused by it. But though we cannot do this, we feel anxious that the public should know the object of Mr. Kendall.

It appears by this paper of Mr. K. that among other large amounts which Stockton & Stokes laid claim to was one of \$40,000, which Mr. K. as Post Master General would not allow, not considering it owed in justice. "The members of the Cabinet and Gen. Jackson agreed with him in opinion in relation to it. Stockton & Stokes applied to the President and Attorney General, for this \$40,000, but without success. They then resorted to the Circuit Court, in which they recovered what they had demanded, although the President and Attorney General thought the Circuit Court had no jurisdiction over the case.

This done, and after they had received all they had demanded, and the greater part of it without ever having had the least claim to it, they commenced a suit against Mr. Kendall "on account of his official opposition to their demands," by paying their damages at \$100,000. Mr. K. stood trial and was again beaten, and damages were estimated and judged to be \$11,000. This suit was commenced through sheer spite; and now, because Mr. K. cannot pay this sum they have confined him to the Jail House, with the ultimate prospect of eternal confinement, if this sum be not paid in the course of the year.

We are satisfied, from the view Mr. K. has given of this subject, that the Government ought to stand in the breach, and clear him from further persecution in this matter. If it be a fact, that, through the carelessness of public Officers, or the want of legal enactments, Stockton & Stokes could receive \$161,000 without ever paying the least equivalent—\$40,000 of which it was down right robbery for them to have, the Government should sustain the loss, and exonerate as well as compensate all those in office who were attempting to do their duty to faithfully execute the trust committed to their care. It is an error that individuals should be made responsible for Government wrongs; and the gentleman who is now confined on account of these pure-prod and insolent Treasury plunderers ought to be immediately set at liberty.

But Mr. K. does not anticipate any relief from Government, for he has applied and been refused. In order to meet the claims of Stockton & Stokes, he solicits aid from the "just of all" parties. This aid can be given by subscription to his work called "Kendall's Expositor." It is a small sheet filled with reading matter, devoted entirely to Politics and Political Economy. We believe the price is one dollar per annum. Mr. K. is one of the greatest and perhaps the greatest political writer in this country. We can insure our readers the value of their money if they will take the above work. We have said thus much in favor of this individual because we never refer to him but with feelings of grateful sympathy, and profound respect.

WHO WILL BE GOV. OF MASSACHUSETTS?

It is admitted that there is a Democratic majority in the Senate of Massachusetts, but in the House it is not so certain. It is however known that there will be a Democratic majority on joint ballot. Two out of the four highest candidates voted for are to be sent by the House to the Senate, and the Senate are to select one of the two who shall be Governor.

The Boston Atlas, a radical Whig Journal, recommends that the House send to the Senate Davis, and Sewell the Abolition candidate. The latter received about six thousand votes. This is a most respectable recommendation. The Atlas is aware that if Sewell and Davis are sent to the Senate Sewell will be elected; because he would be preferred to Davis; and consequently the popular voice would be defeated. "The idea of making Sewell Governor, when he received but six thousand votes, and would have been elected if there had not been a hundred and ten thousand scattering, is not so palatable."

The Whig party are not all so wanting in respect and decency as to coincide with the Atlas. The Boston Courier and Lowell Courier are out upon such a measure. They consider that it would be very inexpedient to take such a course, as Mr. Morton had received more votes than any other man. These Atlas Coons need another skinning.

TEMPERANCE IS COMING.

The House of Representatives resolved to remove all spirituous liquors from the Capitol. An amendment was introduced by Mr. Ayer, "That the restaurants be forthwith removed from the Capitol." Mr. Ingersoll said, however, "that the effect of this would be to remove the men not the places from the Capitol. So both 'Spirituous Liquors' and the 'restaurants' were to be forthwith removed. In this, there is some sign of sobriety.

GOSSIPING.

Who don't like a gossip—and hate them too? Why, they tell you what such a one says about you; and what such a one says for you; and what another says against you—in fine they tell you every thing. They are generally great talkers and embellish what they hear and see so it suits finely. A gossip is like a tub without a bottom or a barrel without either head. So that whatever you turn into them will be sure to run out; and if there is any dirt or filth attaching to the sides, it will take that with it. These neighborhood news mongers are always very busy if a stranger comes into the place, or if an unusual meeting is appointed, always making various surmises and wise speculations. Just see how these people make up a dish of gossip. "I just heard," says Mrs. A. to a gossip, "that Mr. F. was turned over in his gig day before yesterday." "Well, I guess it almost killed him," said Mrs. M., the gossip. "Oh! no it didn't hurt him any scarcely."

Mrs. M. has got enough now for all useful purposes, and she goes around to deal it out. So she says to Mrs. C. the next gossip she sees: "Have you heard of the accident that occurred the other day?" "No," is the reply. "Well, Mrs. A. just told me that Mr. F. was run away from him, and he was turned out of his gig and injured badly. So Mrs. C. runs to Mrs. R. and tells her that Mr. F. was turned out of his carriage yesterday, and his head struck against a rock, and his brains were all smashed out, and he was picked up almost dead for the want of breath. Now it is Mrs. R.'s turn. She says to all she sees—"I have just seen Mrs. C. and you can't imagine what a dreadful story she tells me. She says that Mr. F. was thrown out of his carriage three or four days ago, and his head was forced so hard against a sharp rock that his skull was broken, and the reins having caught his legs he was dragged a whole mile, while his blood and brains were left along the road by the way. "Shocking!—Horrid! Was he dead?" was ejaculated. "I don't know," says Mrs. R. "I guess so; for they had a funeral over that way, and he must have been the one that was buried."

Pretty soon who should appear but Mr. F. The people are all surprised to see a man that has risen from the dead. And Mr. F. is also surprised at being asked—"Why, I thought you were dead, what means this?" etc. There is more truth than poetry in this description, and it is not so highly coloured as to lose its reality.

These Gossips make a great portion of the turmoil and hard feeling that occurs between individuals, especially those of the same profession. Another dish of Gossip is not unfrequently served up as follows:—A certain person goes to a store and enquires the price of cotton cloth. She is answered seven cents per yard. "Too dear," is the reply, "they sell cheaper next door." So off she goes to the next store, and asks—"What is your price per yard for cotton cloth?" "Six cents," is the reply. The customer buys a few yards and tells all sort of things about the first store-keeper. Very soon she gets with a coteries of her own kin, and tells them how cheap she bought cloth of a certain merchant, and how dear the other one was. One of the company answers, and says, that every thing the first mentioned store-keeper has he holds higher than others. "I bought a piece of ribbon there, the other day, because I couldn't find it any where else, and gave a cent more on a yard than they ever asked me before at any store." A second catches the spirit, and says—"I bought a piece of crockery at the first mentioned store the other day, and found, to my surprise, that I gave twice as much for it as I should have given at the other store." "That store-keeper is a plaguesy cheat. I'll cut his company, and trade, too." He needn't think to cheat me so, I'll warrant it. A third opens her mouth and says,—"I've bought goods there many a time, and always got cheated, and always expect to. He don't know how to trade without cheating we ignorant critters. I won't trade that's settled. I'll have no more to do with such a man. Don't you think, here a few days ago, I went to buy me a dress, and asked him what the price of such a piece of calico was per yard, and he said it was ten and six pence. I told him that was too dear. Oh no, said he; it is cheap,—let me look at my bills, (looks,) yes, it cost ten shillings a yard. I only make sixpence." Well, I went to the next store and found an article just like it, in figure and quality, which cost me only four shillings per yard. And more than that, I ascertained that the first man gave only three and six pence per yard for his cloth. What an old cheat!"

Well, this dish, with sundry exaggerations and additions, is now ready for distribution. It goes abroad. With some it is readily digested, with others it is not so palatable, and is rejected. By such trivial circumstances, one merchant is run down while another is built up, and these Gossips are still suffered to roam up and down the earth, seeking whom they may devour.

It would be easy to find instances of Gossiping in relation to the Lawyer, the Doctor, the Minister, the Farmer, and others. Any individual who has had much experience in the world, can readily recall instances of the above nature. The business is so general that a vast deal of capital is invested in it. A very discreet man has said, that "time is money;" consequently those who spend time in Gossiping, if they would but keep an exact account of debt and credit, of time lost and gained, would find they were doing a large business.

Gossiping is not exactly Calumny. Calumny arises from hatred and malice; Gossiping from thoughtlessness and indiscretion. The one feeds on fancy and imagination; the other on malevolence and ill will. They are both evils of great magnitude, but Calumny is the greater of the two. Calumny constitutes the head of a class of iniquities with Orders, Genera and Species, while Gossiping only includes a species in this class. The former is a fire which burns with perpetual bitterness, while the latter is but a torch which lasts but a moment, then wanes and dies. They both show an unenlightened mind, a perverted taste, bad motives, improper thoughts, criminality of feeling, and what is more than all, a want of honesty and Charity.

The Miller paper called 'The Midnight Cry,' is probably so named because those who raise the cry, are all in the dark.

WAREHOUSING SYSTEM.

The Warehousing System recommended by the President, for Importers, has been referred to the Committee on Commerce. The objects of this system is to enable the importer to store his merchandise in public Storehouses until he can make some disposal of them. The System is wanted on account of cash duties. Importers cannot always turn their merchandise for cash at once. This is a substitute for Duty Bonds.

ABOLITION—THE EXCHEQUER.

Mr. Adams made a motion to strike out the 21st Clause as to admit Abolition Petitions.

A motion was made to lay this motion on the table. Yeas 106, Nays 102.

So the whole subject was laid on the table.

On the motion of Mr. Cushing to consider the Exchequer in Committee of the whole that its merits might be fairly discussed before the country, the vote stood Yeas 103, Nays 103.

COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC EXPENDITURES.

We perceive that Mr. Lusk's name is on this Committee. This is a very important station. We hope this gentleman may have the pleasure of making some suggestions which shall lessen the vast amount of our public expenditures.

BOSTON CITY ELECTION.

Martin Brimmer has been elected Mayor of Boston, as well as the entire Whig ticket for Aldermen. The election was influenced by local questions, especially, that of Temperance. Bradford Sumner was the Democratic candidate.

THOMAS W. DORR.

The members of the New Hampshire Legislature and other citizens recently addressed a soul-stirring letter to Gov. Dorr, who is now in Concord, respecting him to address them on the great questions of popular Sovereignty in Rhode Island. Last Wednesday week was the day appointed, and he accepted the invitation.

We are requested to state that the Post Office at North Hanford has been removed to Canton Mills, and ASHLEY BARNES, Esq., appointed Post Master. Letters and papers designed for North Hanford P. O. should be hereafter directed to Canton Mills P. O.

"THE TRAGEDY ON BOARD THE SOMERS." A single paragraph appears in our paper of to-day in relation to the mutiny on board the Somers. We might publish much more. The papers are rife with contradictory accounts of this transaction. Saturday's Exchanges give a very different aspect to the whole case. Young Spencer is represented as doing all he did do "as a joke,"—merely to see what he could do. It is said, he and the other two were kept in irons four days before they were hung. It is likewise said that Commander McKenzie was too hasty and exparte in his examination.

But we have not yet procured the facts in the case. The official statement has not been made. There is great excitement in relation to it, consequently attempts are made to prejudice the public mind. This is the first transaction of the kind that ever occurred in our Navy. When the true statement appears we will make it public.

THE SOMERS.

About four weeks ago there was a rumor in N. York that the Somers had foundered. What caused such a rumor? How did it originate?—Was it a report put in circulation by the mutineers for the purpose of misleading the public mind in relation to her whereabouts in case she did not return?

HUMBLE YOURSELVES.

Readers, do you remember the Aroostook Expedition? If you do, you remember what outrageous attacks the Bangor Whig made upon Rufus McIntire and Hastings Strickland. These attacks were so personal and abusive, that these gentlemen, or Mr. Strickland alone, commenced a suit against the Whig for a Libel. A writ has been brought the Whig to its senses. We have room but for a single sentence this week.

"Maj. Strickland being satisfied with the foregoing public statement, withdraws a libel suit pending in the Supreme Judicial Court against us." SMITH & SAYWARD.

Bankrupt Law Remonstrance. Remonstrances are in circulation in New York and Boston against the repeal of the Bankrupt Law, and are extensively signed by the business men.

An exchange says, "Women who love to be at the window are like bunches of grapes on the highway."

Dickens (says a writer in the National Intelligencer) is certainly off his pedestal at present in America, and, as his "Notes" are equally abused in England, and he failed in his copyright errand perhaps he will have concluded by this time, that he had better stayed at home.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER.

This noble steamer arrived at Boston on Wednesday afternoon, bringing foreign news, some of which is of great importance. We condense it into as small space as possible.

A treaty of peace has been concluded between the English plenipotentiaries and the Chinese Government. It is as follows:

1. China consents to pay in three years the sum of 21 millions of dollars.
2. The ports of Canton, Amoy, Ningpo, and two others shall be opened to English commerce.
3. The Island of Hong Kong is perpetually ceded to her Britannic Majesty.
4. The prisoners shall be restored.
5. An amnesty published.

and all will be right. The larger the
what its subscribers wish it to be; and wh
1901.

at it Merchants and others in want of any of the above
supplied as aforesaid.
Dec 26, 1842.

CUMBERLAND & OXFORD
POLAND, ME.

ED, }
Wm. C. BRACKETT, }
Wm. W. INGRAM, }
PORTLAND
3m90

ANDOVER, MAINE.
COLLECTOR'S DEEDS,
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

